westwords

Westwords

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DEDICATION

Eastertide, springtime, stirs new life. We never tire of sensing this. After the winter of two losses, the Mount stretches skyward with her trees again. She smiles toward Sister Marie de Lourdes, Sister St. Francis, who now in heaven continue their care for all the Mount holds on its hill. Both gave freely of their wide learning, their abundant loving kindness. Both slipped swiftly and quietly off to see the Face of God. Their deaths have left spaces hard for the filling.

To Sister Marie de Lourdes, in particular, this issue of Westwords is dedicated. The tree on the cover stands for all the trees and all the springing live things that Sister planted here from the first days of the College. She loved green. And the many greens we see stand for resurrection: Christ's paschal resurrection, and ours which is to come.

But Sister planted more than trees. One of her former students tells in the poem we reprint, of the way Sister shepherded her creative writing class outdoors, and there "undesked and undimensioned" she gave them love for all God's "winnowing fingers touch." She was more, too, than a writing teacher. Another alumna's poem, written after having read the first, shows that Sister was a friend, steady as a candle whose flame is not blown out by wind, a friend of "whit-leather toughness," and "banked fires" unperceived by those who saw only "features placed in seemly symmetry for a morning class."

Finally a younger poet, now a sophomore, looks at Sister dead, and ponders the mystery that makes us meet sorrow and gladness mixed--for we "abide as we must with an agony that comes of joy and mourning aching at one time," and we stand and wonder at the paradox that tells how in relinquishing all, and aiming "her life at dying," Sister claimed it all back again. This gardener knew with surety that the "grain of wheat must fall into the ground and die" then it can spring up into new life, and yield "rich fruit" (John 12:24).

To Sister Marie de Lourdes

We follow her whose eyes are humble brown
as two shy monks at matins,
whose black robes whisper-kiss
the path-ways as she goes,
her fingers fretted on her blessed beads.
She shepherds us to class
upon the hill-top, undesked and undimensioned,
and like a Socrates or Francis,
odes all of Nature's liturgies.
She bids us write of sunlight
stalking through the trees on stilts,
of vines that hang
by stockinged toes in jester's green,
or satined buds that gypsy
with the foppish weeds in ragged tippets.
She puts prisms in our hearts
to laud the color
of a mauve marauding shadow,
water blue-cupped in ponds,
or hectic red in sunset's plumes.
She is a handmaid of the grey-browed bird
and gold-etched moon--
awakener of the dormant-hearted poet.
Still more to me,
she is my living answered prayer, once plied,
that God would light my soul
like saffroned sun
with love for all His winnowing fingers touch.

Margaret O'Connell Knoell

Lines on Having Read 'To Sister Marie de Lourdes'

Look, Sister,
I wish I could say it.
Say it like your nice little kids;
Say it in poetry with rolling sure cadence and meter secure.
But taking my dumb-struck means,
Having to hand only a pig-iron set of words,
Having no ruffled and lacy chain of semantics,
I tell you this. I tell them this, your nice little kids.
Don't talk to me of Sister with her eyes like brown doves.
I've seen her when they were hot embers!
When they were candles in the wind,
When they were rain-soaked leaves.
Why don't they tell of the banked fires in you.
Dear heaven, have they only seen your class-room face
With features placed in seemly symmetry for a morning class.
What do they know of long gray days and longer nights
When "Ster" was all there was of sanity and balance.
When knowing 'Ster" was there, although unseen, unheard,
There in her wisdom and humanity,
Was all there was of anything, anywhere.
How dare they know no more of you than what they do.
Why don't they tell of your fine, high scorn for the commonplace?
Why don't they tell of your sense of the balance of things?
Why don't they tell of the things that are yours to give?
Of your reverence and respect for the power of words.

Only in after years,
Only then, little kids,
Can you know deeply what is here to give.
So sit still and take it.
Have the wisdom to cup your hands and gather it in.
Hear it from me.
Hear it from an old girl.
Know that "Ster" is something you can hang your life on.
Know that when you need it
She has a whit-leather toughness,
A singleness of purpose achieved by few.
Brush away the miasma of obvious virtues and know her.
Take it from me in my clumsy way.
Believe my hammered and tortuous phrasings.
Believe me when I tell you this.
Have sense, little kids, have sense to hold still and take it.
Know it while it is yours to know.
Know her pilgrim soul.

Zan Joyce Thompson

The Death of a Nun

. . . for Sister Marie de Lourdes

Candles line each limit that she knew on
earth;
the cincture that she wore, the crucifix,
and all the black; they lie transfixed as
she, and die the death of stillness;
and obey.

That part that turned the mind, that held the pen
that heard the sound, that thought in
when, are barriers now
and we who are left bow before the other
side

And abide as we must with an agony that comes of joy
and mourning aching at one time and the wondering
at the undone of
the done-ness.

It is for this that she prepared and verified her stand
in her own way;
restoring all, she claimed it as her own,
who aimed her life at dying just one day.

Judy Krommer '63

Only the Stars

Marianne Stanley '64

. . . we are afraid in a fear which
we cannot know, which we cannot
face, which none understands
(Eliot)

The people stood huddled together in front of Mr. Ingram's store. They spoke in hushed tones, hardly daring to raise their voices, spoke wonderingly of this Thing that had happened, trembling with more than the cold. An occasional passer-by joined in, adding his own precious knowledge to the unfolding tale. The snow lay thick in the little Maine village. And overhead were the stars --intense cold reality--dwarfing all their words to futile sounds lost in the vastness of the universe.

"I always thought it was a strange sort of night," said one, "strange night for her to walk by herself in the fields."

"But then she always was like that. Strange, different somehow... apart from all of us."

"She never was one of us," their voices echoed, "Funny we never realized! She walked alone."

"Oh to be sure--most days she was much like you or me--had a job in the bank... laughed and chatted with her friends like any other girl."

"But then sometimes she'd break off in the middle of a laugh, and her eyes would look out past us, as though her thoughts were a million miles away."

"She was a dreamer, that's what! I saw her. She'd sit by herself in the woods and lean against a tree. Sometimes she'd have a notebook in her lap--and she'd sit there and write things... or maybe she'd sketch..."

"And on the nights like that night--you know--when the air's so clear and crisp and the stars look just like you could reach out and touch them--well, on nights like that one, they say there was no keeping her indoors. She'd be standing on the bridge looking up at the stars... or she'd sit in the grass or walk through the woods--but always, she would look up at the stars."

"Funny we never noticed!"

"And then on that night--you remember--that night the stars were such an odd kind of brightness... well I was driving over to Meg Graffam's place, using the old Spear Road for a change and there she was, walking alone--no one else'd be fool enough to use

that road at night. And when she saw me, she started and ran down a path into the fields..."

To face alone The slow grey dark
Moving along The dark tipped grass
Between the numbed pines (Levine)

Remember that night? The car crept up on you and with ugly machine sounds it shattered your precious solitude and you turned and ran into the fields...

You let the wind blow through your hair and you ran in a sudden burst of wild abandonment until you could neither hear nor see any sign of mankind, and you were alone.

Why had you come, you wondered. What had drawn you helplessly out into the night, pulled you relentlessly down the deserted road? Then the noises of the car had broken the spell. What were you looking for? What made you alone and apart?

The silence enveloped you, coiled around you like music. You let your senses absorb the night, the darkness, the heavy perfume of things that grow, the silhouetted trees, the rustle of grasses in the wind. And then you looked at the sky.

The stars burned down through the cloudless black and suddenly you were afraid. You'd walked alone many times by night and gloried in the aloneness, the silence, the peace. But never stars like these--icy absolute beauty, infinite. Yet you knew that someday man would move among them and call them his friends. You felt a twinge of yearning sadness that when this day came you would be long dead. Standing there in the cold starlight you were strangely afraid for your little planet that looked so mighty when you were blinded by daylight. But in the painful truth of night, of this night, you and all things shrunk to no more than a grain of sand upon the beach of eternity.

A shadow passed over the night sky. Darker than the night, it dulled even the stars and blew a mist through the grass. Things stirred strangely. Fear rose in your throat. The mist closed around you until you could scarcely see the path ahead. You turned to run, but before you could take one step a hand grasped your shoulder.

There was a man standing beside you in the mist.

Waves of terror swept over you. With wild animal thrashing you tried to break his hold. A voice spoke your name. With a little animal-whimper you looked up into his face: deepset dark eyes and in them the fires of countless suns...

"Who are you?" the question tore your throat.

He spoke and his tones filled the air with strange music and cleared the mists away. It was only then you realized that your aloneness was ended. The stars had come to you...

. . . and they all listened
and the slience was beyond words
(Eliot)

"And then, about an hour later, I was coming back from Meg's --using the same road. You know how it twists and turns and how dark it is with no lights--only the fields...Well, I rounded a bend and...there was a man--crossing that road directly in front of my car..."

A cold silent intake of breath: "It was him. It must have been." They looked at one another strangely.

"Wait. There's more. Someone screamed and then I slammed on my brakes and tried to turn out of the way. But he was so close I couldn't have avoided him!"

"Yet there was no thud, no one lying on the ground, no blood even. Only this peculiar mist and she--standing there watching me, standing there pale. Well I don't mind saying I was scared and I yelled to her, 'I hit a man!' I said. 'I know I did! He was right in the middle of the road!'"

" 'No, you couldn't have,' says she. 'I was walking here all by myself. There wasn't anyone around.' But her voice was shaking and she wasn't sure of her words--I swear it!

"Then the more I thought about it the more I thought it must have been the mist playing tricks on me in the moonlight. So I never mentioned it to anyone. Knew folks wouldn't believe a tale like that! But I didn't forget--oh no--and then...then...after that... Other Thing happened...well, I knew I hadn't been seeing things." She stopped. The people glanced around uneasily.

"And you know old Jim Grayson...He has the desk next to hers at the bank and he says she was never sick or late once in the four years she worked there but I guess it must have been the next day she didn't come to work at all and the day after that he says she was pale and tired and making mistakes right and left and not saying much to anyone."

"That's not all! Betty O'Connor, one of the girls she used to eat lunch with says she seemed real worried about something and ate by herself and never stopped to talk like she used to. And a few days later Betty just couldn't stand the mystery and asked her what was wrong...and she just looked at Betty for a long long time and wouldn't say a word, and Betty walked off."

I dare not be beloved and known
I ungrateful am alone (Emerson)

...Walked off...and you were alone. You had never asked help

from anyone. Too late to start now, you thought, and watched Betty walk briskly back to her desk.

Four nightmare days you had spent in your aloneness, remolding your thoughts about everything in this universe. Still you had reached no decision, and it was suddenly the fifth day.

"Tonight," he had said, "Tonight... on the bridge...the stars..."

"And if I don't?" you asked yourself again as you had asked him then, five painful days ago.

"Don't you know?" His eyes had been dark with pity. And you had seen before you, as you saw now, a life filled with the old aloneness and a now recognizable yearning. You would never be able to look at the stars without a haunting pain. You would live out your life alone. Perhaps you would write or paint or just look at the sky --and remember what might have been...

And then, dimly, with a mind that trembled at every new image, with a heart that beat hard in fear and excitement, dimly, you could perceive another, like...like a haunting memory.

"Star people," he had called them, you and your kind. "We have sought you out of all ages, all places. We find you, somehow. Born too soon into worlds that will never want you. You are ours by right but we force nothing. It is your choice. Stay here, a captive of your world or fulfill your destiny and know the stars."

"Fulfill," he had said. You knew it was this you had been seeking in quiet lonely places--you had sought and never found...

"After five days," he had said and his voice was not of the earth. "After five days, at this time you will stand on the bridge that spans the harbor of your village. I shall come to you then and you will tell me your choice."

He had left you at a bend in the old Spear Road and started to cross. A car had rounded the bend, and swerving to avoid him, had come screeching to a halt. But he had vanished into the mist as swiftly as he had come.

And this was the afternoon of the fifth day, and you did not know what to do.

The village clock struck five. You rose from your desk and walked woodenly out of the building and into the street. You do not even remember how you spent the remaining hours. Probably you walked unseeing past groups of villagers who stared after you and shook their heads. You watched the harbor in the lurid sunset and thought of other worlds: white suns, red suns, lavender oceans, pale blue trees. New colors, new sounds, and a race that thought as you, that dreamed and queried and gloried in star light. Star-people. Could you?

We are forced
to bear witness (Eliot)

The people shifted uncomfortably as the temperature dropped

with the aging night. "And all that afternoon they say she acted oddly. Walked right past old friends, without a word."

"And then...that night..."

"Yes, that night..."

"It happened then."

"Yes happened. I saw. My Bill and I saw. There's no doubt."

"No, no doubt. I knew something would happen that night. Don't know why. It was just a feeling in the air."

"We all knew, somehow."

"The stars were too bright and that cold--it wasn't natural."

"You say you saw? You and Bill?"

"Yes. We were there," and they paused, the people, eyes seeking reassurance, occasional hands clasping in the dark, thinking of unknown things.

"Tell us, again."

"It was a little after ten and we had just taken up our lobster traps for the night when this wind blew the lanterns out and we felt a chill in the air. Our boat drifted along until we were in sight of the bridge and it was then we saw them. Standing there. Leaning on the railing. Well, ordinarily I wouldn't have given them a second look except I guess I know just about everyone around here and it didn't take me two seconds to realize he was a complete stranger and I kept wondering how she knew him, being alone so much and all...And there was something about him. Even from a distance I could tell it wasn't right somehow..."

Deep are their eyes as pools
in the darkest forest
Knowing by night some star
(Ferril)

He had come again, out of the same shadow over the night. And the swirling mist rose up from the waters and the cold was a strange non-warmth. You could not help the sudden surge of terror that swept over you. He stood beside you in silence until your fear subsided. You felt your heart tearing, and knew agony was written on your face. He spoke gently as to a little child:

"It is always a hard choice. But there was never one who lived to regret he chose the stars."

"Do they all come with you?" you asked, and your voice was a small helpless thing.

"Not all. They have only one chance and once they refuse they are bound to their world forever." His words fell softly on the night. "Your history is full of them: those who feared us and were trapped by their fear. They send sad little echoes of longing hurtling down the wide spaces: your poets, your painters, your singers of songs and tellers of tales. Not all of these were meant to serve the stars but some were...some..." Again that look of gentle vast compassion. "And you were never meant for earth."

You looked out across the black waters to the warm comfortable lights on the other side of the harbor. Home. Your prison-world with its pretty greens and clear blue sky and all the places you loved in your solitude.

And above the darkened waters, above the lights and the hills ...piercing down in silent relentless beckoning, were the stars.

You trembled. You told him your answer.

Save us all from far folk
(David Jones)

"And our boat drifted into the shadow of the bridge. I could see his eyes and they were strange, and he looked right at me, I know he did. Then suddenly it got so cold and Bill called to me--'Myra!' he said, 'Look at the stars.' And I looked and it seemed to me they were coming closer and getting brighter until suddenly there was this dark thing and they weren't so bright any more because a fog had come up from the water. Just in time I looked at the bridge. I remember it so clearly...He had one hand on her shoulder.

. . .all gone into a world
of light (H. Vaughan)

...And his other hand clasped your own. You wanted to cry out in terror but the stars were larger now and you could only cling to the human hand that held your own. Human? You screamed, and then: no bridge, no water, no village. Nothing. Only the stars.

. . .we have to go on living
Living and partly living (Eliot)

"And the mist blew around them, and, then...there just wasn't anyone there at all. Not anyone. Only a kind of scream that wasn't really a sound. When the mist cleared away again and the stars were bright they twinkled far away--like stars should be."

They looked at one another, the people did--white faces, numbed minds. And that night they walked quickly, starting at the shadow of a tree on the snow, few daring to look at the sky. Eventually warm houses and cheerful lights soothed away these half-wakened fears. And the little town slept.

Only the stars looked on in the deepening night.

Percussion Recital

Oh the Rum Tum
big bass drum,

like the laughter
of fat man after

nine course meal!
don't you feel

glorious
uproarious

at cymbal crash?
SMASH BASH!

Perhaps you like
BONG SCHPLONG

ringing gong!
Triangle player's

found under layers
of red---

he'd rather be dead--
but the snare drummer's proud

and he RAT-TE-TATS loud.

Glockenspiel tinkles
xylophone twinkles

but kettledrum's best
you forget all the rest

when pompous and proud
or roaring and loud

it has things to say--

wait, don't run away--
a small demonstration:
men at your station

BONG CRASH BOOM

TINKLE TAT WHOOM!

(but listeners scattered--

eardrums bang-battered).

Betsy Fleming '61

The Puritan Soul

Wheat in billows saffron gold, and cloud-crowned
Apricots in spring, and earth travail
To born the bonny grass, and classic round
Of sturdy snail-shell, all things pale
I love; and lisp-and-shimmer aspen leaves,
And glitter-silver-swift trout, and summer taste
Of pomegranate, and flax-white barley sheaves
And all bright sights, sounds, bloom of things. Oh waste
Extravagantwide-wildness-life! The cherries
Garnet on the bough, and precious smell
Of mountain clover, teardrop-tiny strawberries,
And smell and feel, and strong smoothness of eggshell.
But still center first must always always be
The black rock standing in the crushing sea.

Helen Jaskoski '63
Cabrini Prize $100

Fear

Fear is a ball park with no
home base:
a chase down a long intricate street
of vague beginning and vague
end; with only one block
real.

Fear is a long intricate street
until two meet
and then it multiplies:
afraid to look behind;
afraid to look ahead;
unable to choose the one;
unable to lose the other;
making one real block into
another and
another and
another.

Judy Krommer '63

Sollerygons

Jeanette Kroger '64

Kristi pattered into the nursery, dragging the haggard giraffe behind her. Kapok protruded limply from the side of his head, complementing the remaining ear. His black spots nearly blended with his red hide, and one of his horns was bent slightly askew.

Kristi herself wore a pair of tired, rather grimy blue sleepers. The bottoms of the feet had long since worn out, and the tops flapped gaily on her own feet. Her straight red hair was cut to frame her face angelically, but more often it got in the way of her eyes. Together she and Sollerygons were quite a disreputable pair, but the sleepers were her favorite pajamas and the giraffe was her beloved toy.

"Kristina!" Nana's high, crackley voice scrambled Kristi's daydream.

"Kristina! Come here, dear." Nana always sounded so gooey when she wanted Kristi to do something. It was usually something icky like taking a bath or eating water cress or something else just as bad.

Kristi scrambled out of the nursery and down the stairs to her secret place in the stairwell. She squeaked open the little door, slipped in with the giraffe, and pulled it shut behind her, the ancient hinges creaking in protest.

The secret place was dark and cozy, warmed by the furnace pipe that lay across the floor. Kristi plumped down on a feathery pillow, stood Sollerygons on her lap, and regarded him solemnly.

"Now you be still, Solly," she whispered carefully, "or Nana will find our secret place."

Sollerygons' blue felt eyes stared at her unblinkingly. Kristi's mouth made a big "O", and she rubbed her eyes drowsily. She could hear Nana still calling, but she didn't want to answer. Her head snuggled down on the pillow and one chubby hand lovingly clutched the giraffe.

* * * * *

Sollerygons wriggled out of Kristi's grasp and shook himself thoroughly from head to hoof. The black pom-pom on the end of his short, stiff tail shook violently, scattering yarn. He twisted around and eyed it ruefully. The seven remaining strands in the droopy

puff were a token of his years with Kristi.

Gently he nuzzled her awake. She sat up slowly, blinking sleep from her eyes. She smiled, and her cheeks dimpled impishly.

"Solly, could we go see Marya tonight?"

"If you like."

Kristi clapped her hands gleefully. Marya was her best friend, besides Sollerygons, of course. It was too bad that Nana wasn't like Marya. But Nana didn't matter now; she was a grownup, and she wasn't allowed in Marya's land. Only children like Kristi and animals like Solly could go there.

Sollerygons pawed at the back wall of the secret place, a tiny door opened slowly, and he beckoned Kristi to follow. She bent awkwardly and crawled through the opening on her hands and knees, eyes wide.

"Close the door, Kristi."

She balanced herself and felt for the door with her foot. She pushed it to, but caught the foot of her sleeper in the latch. With her toes she disengaged the foot, then shut the door carefully and heard the latch click.

The passage was narrow, and Kristi always had to crawl through it. Solly was lucky; he was short enough that he could walk easily. And besides, it would have been sort of hard for him to crawl.

They made their way carefully through the tunnel. At the end there was another door, but this one was like the lid of a barrel. It had no hinges, and was just propped up against the side of the hill where the passage came out. Sollerygons butted it open, and after she emerged, Kristi put the lid back in place.

Solly started out on the path to Marya's house. Kristi again followed, her eyes darting about with interest. She almost knew the way by now, and could pick out familiar sights. There was that funny brown bird with the long green beak. He made a chuckley sound at them. And there was the big round stump where she rested sometimes. She liked to run her fingers around the edge of that stump; the bark felt funny and crinkley, and it almost tickled.

And there was Marya's house, with the tall yellow flowers that grew along the fence. These flowers had faces, and sometimes they spoke to her. Marya's garden also had other flowers. Little monkey-faced ones, and some with orange polka-dots, and some with petals that felt like velvet. The tall yellow ones, though, were the only ones that had voices. They told Kristi how at night they uncovered their feet and danced around the other flowers, and how sometimes Marya would join them and dance and sing, too. Kristi liked the yellow flowers best of all the things at Marya's house; they told such wonderful stories.

Sollerygons went up to Marya's blue door and knocked politely.

The top half opened, and a pleased smile spread over Marya's face.

"Solly! And Kristi! How nice to see you. Please come in and I'll get you some milk and cookies."

Marya always had such good things to eat. The milk was fresh and creamy, and the cookies were big and fat and full of nuts and other goodies. Kristi perched on the little red chair that Marya had especially for her and took a handful of molasses-nut cookies.

"Gee, Marya, these cookies are sure good," mumbled Kristi through a mouthfull of molasses and nuts.

"I'm glad you like them,"Marya answered, and smiled again. Kristi thought Marya was so pretty. Her hair was long and black and caught by a bright scarf, and her black eyes always sparkled a smile. She was tall and slender and wore gay, whirly skirts. She told Kristi that she was a gypsy. Kristi didn't know any other gypsies, but if they were like Marya, she thought they must be wonderful people.

Kristi thought a moment. Then her interest fastened itself on Marya's mysterious box.

"Marya, please tell me what is in the chest."

"Marya thought a moment, too. "I shall do better than that, Kristi. I shall show you."

Kristi hopped off her chair, setting it clattering back and forth. Finally Marya would let her see what was in the chest. It was a quaint little box, carved in odd patterns and painted in bright colors. It had a fussy brass lock, tarnished with age. Finally she would get to see what it was that Marya kept so carefully hidden.

Marya took a small key from the golden chain she wore around her neck. She inserted it into the lock and turned it slowly. Cautiously Kristi peeked into the chest.

A long yellow plume lay on a black velvet cloth.

"What is it, Marya?"

Marya lifted the feather out of the chest and gently shut the lid.

"It is called Melushka," she replied. "The King of the gypsies gave it to me to guard when my people left this land. It is very old and very powerful. That which it touches will turn into whatever its holder wishes." Marya touched the side of Sollerygons' head with the feather and wished aloud that he might have an ear again. With a curious ping, Solly received another ear.

"What do you think of it, Kristi?"

"Oh, Marya, it's even more wonderful than your yellow flowers!"

"And how do you think my flowers were given voices?"

Kristi sat enthralled. The delight in her eyes touched Marya's heart.

"Oh, please, Marya, may I have it?"

"I'm sorry, Kristi, but it is not mine to give."

The glow left Kristi's eyes for a moment. Then she brightened.

"Then may I come back and play with it?"

"Surely, Kristi. You may come and play with it any time you wish."

"Kristi, it is time for us to return," put in Solly.

"All right, Solly. Thank you for the milk and cookies, Marya."

As Sollerygons and Kristi left Marya's house, Kristi said goodbye to the tall yellow flowers.

"Come again soon, Kristi," they chorused.

* * * * *

Nana's hand shook Kristi's shoulder and scrambled her dream. She rubbed her eyes, and her face pouted. Her mouth made an upside down "U". She could hear Nana.

"Kristina! I've been looking for you for hours. Why didn't you come when I called you?" This time Nana didn't sound gooey; she sounded mad.

"Come out this instant! You shall go straight to bed without your supper!"

Kristi wasn't hungry, anyway. She felt like sticking her tongue out at Nana, but that would only have made her angrier. She picked up Sollerygons by one leg, and when she came out into the dim hall light, something seemed funny about him. She flopped him right-side-up and then she saw it: in place of the hole on the side of his head, Sollerygons had a brand new yellow ear.

molokai chant
for damien man

with arms like scabby lava rock
with face like shriveled palm-date skin
with hands like sun-cracked mud
with heart like crimson passion fruit
with soul like foam on star-shine sand:
    he go -- he go now home.

white his hands first time he come
white his body strong and young
white he born this island man
white he now beneath black skin
white the sheet we wrap him in:
    he gone -- he gone now home.

Kathleen Earl '64

Holy Saturday

I ran and returned. To what end? The tomb keeps
His spoken word--served to how many mouths--
Permanently swallowed by wet dark. How?
Why? The sea burns bright as the dying sun weeps
Fire, but the light wilts on the waves, seeps
To silence when the sun passes. All tongues bow,
Not questioning that day must pass. I can see, now,
That his own received him and knew him not. He sleeps.

But we went in search of those waters. Black blood
They seemed in that darkness, yet we had seen his fire
Dipped in them. We knew they held him. And so light
Broke early that sacred night. Swept by tear floods
From our stumbling foresight, the source sired
Life in us: instead of a stone we found Christ clothed in white.

Easter Sunday

I thrust a splinter between the world's teeth,
Cry, "Open." Molared hills ringing dark
Jaws, pale, receive me, marked
Mine in gilt crowned on their highest heath.
The valley circled by my victor's wreath
Still hangs in mourning shadows; but the dawn hark
Bursts from a thousand tongues: he comes! The stark
Hollows yield where my white whirl seethes.

At noon elevation who can stand
My heat? Only those cooled by the pool
In the dark valley...But those who have learned,
Welcome my appearing; my streaming hand
Nurtures grain for empty mouths, my rule
Is light, my yoke sown reaps my return.

Claudette Drennan

Let There Be Silence

Sharon Bowen '64

It was almost time for closing at the Universal Office Building. It would have to be, because of all the noise on the first floor. At first the complaints from the executives on the upper floors had been heeded, but now as the partying continued, no one cared. Actually, they didn't even care about the partying, but there were plenty of bottles and plenty of women. The monotonous downbeat of the music no one really liked hammered on and on.

Someone yelled, "Damn that noise! Oh, damn this whole place!" He knocked over a fifth of bourbon as he pulled the girl in the orange sweater to him.

One flight up, Mr. Gabrielle ran his fingers impatiently back and forth across his music case. He closed the window across from his desk, but he knew he could never close out the noise entirely. The banging of the file cabinets upstairs reminded him of his summons, and he quickly directed his feet to the largest third floor office, the boss's office.

"Gabrielle, is there any change in the first floor situation? We can't accomplish anything up here with all that confusion below!"

"I'm sorry, sir. We've tried everything. Well, almost everything... you know... we could..."

"Never mind that now, Gabrielle. Not just yet."

The boss thoughtfully returned to the black and white file sheets on his desk. Spread in front of him, the colorful tenant reports formed a pattern as chaotic as the histories of the tenants themselves.

"Sometimes I wonder why we ever rented out those offices, Gabrielle."

He wondered too. Things had never been the same since that time. Even the boss seemed different. He wasn't, of course, but with the constant disturbance from the first floor... Chunks of laughter rattling against the windows distracted Gabrielle. It was not the pleasant, easy laughter of joy, but the other kind, and Gabrielle wished there could be silence below once again.

The boss had laid out the reports of the tenants no longer in possession of offices. They were settled into two piles according to color. Then carefully he divided those of the remaining tenants between the first and second, black on black, white on white. There was no hesitation in his movement. He seemed to know where each sheet belonged. Yet that was just the boss's way.

Gabrielle ran his tongue over his lips. They were annoyingly dry, and the moisture gave him momentary relief. He was uncomfortable because he wanted the boss to tell him to go ahead and settle the first floor matter entirely, but he was afraid to hear him say the words.

The boss's son entered his father's office through the high doors on the right. Gabrielle marvelled at how he could be so like his father. He was here for the same reason, and Gabrielle wondered if he might have a solution.

"Dad, something has to be done." It was concern on his face, not anger or impatience, but genuine concern.

"Could we try something with the heating or sprinkling systems? That's worked before."

The boss leaned back and stared hard at his hands. He sat up quickly.

"No! If we're going to stop them, it's going to be for good this time."

"But dad. After all we've tried to do for them?"

"I know son. But we knew it would be this way in the end, didn't we?"

Yes, and he had known too, but it didn't seem possible that the time would ever come. As both men turned to Gabrielle, he could feel all the way through him what they had decided. The boss summed it up with his usual finality.

"We all know what has to be. There isn't anything else for us to try or any reason why we should put up with this any longer. Gabrielle, it's up to you now."

He didn't answer. What could he say? His hand was shaking as he jerked back the circular door knob, and paced again the forty-three steps back to the second floor and to his music case. He set the case on the mahogany table next to the door. The table tilted a little. He had meant to fix that, but of course it didn't matter now. He snapped his index finger upward against each of the silver safety locks, and sighed a little before opening the case that had been closed for so long.

The boss and his son stood outside the door. All the office help were gathering around to go down with them. The son was carrying a soft leather briefcase which Gabrielle knew contained the colored file reports. He eased the case cover back, and there lying quietly against the blue and gold velvet lining was his horn. It was as shining and ready for this day as it had been on the day it was made. He placed it under his arm and followed the boss to the first floor landing. His heart was flinging itself against his chest and his knees had trouble following his feet down the stairs. When they reached the midst of the chaos, he raised the horn to his lips. It seemed as though he had waited forever to blow that note, and as darkness enclosed the Universal Office Building, forever was now.

Marlow's Character: The Women as a Leit-Motif

Helen Jaskoski '63

Joseph Conrad's Heart of Darkness is like a piece of modern serious music, reminiscent of Bartok or Schonberg: a main theme runs through the story, with many secondary ideas played against the first theme in a kind of counterpoint; the rhythm is strange; the dissonant harmonies are never completely resolved.

The main theme of Conrad's story is Marlow's journey into his soul, a pilgrimage into self-knowledge. His inward journey is symbolized by his travel up a jungle river in a tin-pot steamboat. Woven throughout the story are the recurring subordinate motifs of death, darkness, truth, loyalty, and idealism. These things are part of Marlow's journey. As he goes deeper and deeper into the unknown regions of his jungle-river soul, they effect subtle changes without and within him, and he returns a different man than when he began his trip. One of the devices Conrad uses to point out the changes in Marlow's character is the concept of five women as a leit-motif, much as a composer uses a recurring musical figure to represent a character, emotion, thing, or condition in his composition. The five women in Heart of Darkness each stand as a signal or guidepost, reflecting different facets of Marlow's personality.

The first women that Marlow encounters come together. They are in the office of the trading company: "Two women, one fat and the other slim, sat on straw-bottomed chairs, knitting black wool" (Doubleday, 1958, p. 64). These women are the first hint we have of what Marlow's journey is to be like: "The old one seemed to know all about me. She seemed uncanny and fateful. Often far away there I thought of these two, guarding the door of darkness, knitting black wool as for a warm pall" (p. 65). Here are the two subordinate themes of death and darkness. Marlow greets them: "Ave! Old knitters of black wool. Morituri te salutant" (p. 66), and begins his journey into darkness, conscious of death.

Almost immediately we meet the third woman in the story, Marlow's aunt. She represents the first change in his character; he had asked her to help get him a job: "I tried the women, I, Charlie Marlow, set the women to work--to get a job. Heavens!" (p. 63). Two more of the subordinate themes appear with the aunt who is "a

dear enthusiastic soul," and who "talked about 'weaning those ignorant millions from their horrid ways' till, upon my word, she made me quite uncomfortable. It's queer how out of touch with truth women are. They live in a world of their own...Some confounded fact we men have been living with ever since the day of creation would start up and knock the whole thing over" (p. 67). Idealism and truth foreshadow the end of Marlow's journey and the changes he will find within himself.

After Marlow leaves his aunt and "the last decent cup of tea for many days" he undergoes a moment of hesitation, a pause. "I felt as though, instead of going to the center of a continent, I were about to set off for the center of the earth" (p. 68). This premonition is the introduction to the main theme of the story; we are sure that Marlow's journey will be more than a riverboat excursion.

Marlow's pilgrimage up the river and inward into his soul proceeds like a nightmare. Both nature without and the nature within become progressively worse as he looks at the greed and hopelessness of those about him, horrors brought about by the remorseless jungle. The root of the soul seems truly to be a heart of darkness.

Then Marlow meets Kurtz, the epitome of degradation. With Kurtz comes a "wild and gorgeous apparition of a woman." She is the culmination of Marlow's journey: "savage and superb, wild-eyed and magnificent...The immense wilderness, the colossal body of the fecund and mysterious life seemed to look at her, pensive, as though it had been looking at the image of its own tenebrous and passionate soul" (p. 126). She and Kurtz, complements and opposites, are the images of Marlow's soul. She is savage nature, untouched by rational, civilizing influences; Kurtz is that same nature once exalted by these influences, now fallen into a lower state, perverted and inhuman.

Marlow, having encountered only more and more evil as he traversed the inmost regions of his soul, has now reached the furthest depths and he finds that, even here, man is not evil. He sees in Kurtz "the inconceivable mystery of a soul that knew no restraint, no faith, and no fear, yet struggling blindly with itself" (p. 130), and the truth that, bad though he may be, he cannot love evil. Kurtz may want to desire evil, but he must struggle, blindly, in darkness, against himself.

At the end of the struggle must come, not necessarily peace, but always victory of some kind. Kurtz has won such a victory, "an affirmation, a moral victory paid for by innumerable defeats, by abominable terrors, by abominable satisfactions. But it was a victory!" (p. 134). Marlow, in recognition of Kurtz's belief, and in realization of a like quality in his own soul, bears a certain loyalty to Kurtz. He defends this loyalty: "This was the expression of some sort of belief: it had candor, it had conviction, it had a vibrating note of revolt in its whisper, it had the appalling face of a glimpsed

truth" (p. 134).

The savage woman is the turning point in the story. Marlow leaves her on the bank and begins his journey away from the secret places of his soul. But he takes Kurtz with him, and so takes with him some of what he has been through. He returns from his journey both changed and not changed, remaining what he has been, yet unable to become again the man he was.

The last woman in the story is Kurtz's Intended. She becomes a sort of coda, a finale that reiterates the main themes and completes the cycle of the story. Marlow meets her in the "whited sepulchre" city from which he started his journey. She greets him in the parlor of her house, a house on "a street as still and decorous as a well-kept alley in a cemetery" (p. 137). The figures of death, darkness, truth, loyalty and idealism--contrapuntal to the larger theme of Marlow's journey into the river of his soul, are summarized here in their final cadences.

Marlow has a new relationship to all these things. His ideal was, and is, truth: "I hate, detest, can't bear a lie...There is a taint of death, a flavor of mortality in lies--which is exactly what I hate and detest in the word--what I want to forget? (p. 84). But Marlow sees death and truth in a new light--or perhaps in the light of a newer darkness. Partly to keep Kurtz's Intended safe in her own little woman's world, partly out of his loyalty to Kurtz, Marlow tells a small, deliberate lie to her. If he had not "it would have been too dark, too dark altogether..." (p. 142).

So Marlow ends his story--a composition played against the hypnotic pulse of the jungle throbbing asynchronously above the ceaseless river--changed irrevocably by his journey into his heart of darkness.

His Eyes

Kathleen Earl '64

His eyes are black. Blacker than the Pool, the bottomless pool half-down the mountain, shining back the wild clouds and pines. Blacker than pines shining in Black Pool by moonlight.

His eyes are black and his wings are midnight; he is an exquisite bird. Marialoysha has seen other crows, dull-backed crows circling above the Cave and in the wild oats of the Valley, but none can equal Kra, her Kra. She smoothes his wind-ruffled neck and looks down on the Valley, blue with shadows from the low sun.

She lived here by Black Pool once, in a house. It was of rock like her cave, but warmer, and had lace curtains over the fine window panes. She had a mother who brushed her wild black hair until it was blue and braided into it ribbons, in the manner of their people, and they had a yellow singing bird, in a cage of gilded wood. There was much in that house, and out of it. There was the Pool, and the Valley below, and the mountains above.

And there was the bombing.

She had been exploring the Cave in the mountain, and was coming home to the warm rock house at dusk, that day. As she came to the ledge above Black Pool, she saw it quite simply.

The warm rock house was not there any more.

Somewhere below here, somewhere in that scatter of rock, was her mother, somewhere black and terrible, the yellow singing bird.

She stood by the still-warm chimney watching the wind whip a tatter of lace curtain. Over there would be the singing bird, and under here, at the hearth, no doubt, her mother. Marialoysha didn't cry, much. She knew there was war; she had known this was coming. She was a Gypsy, and Gypsies know. Even though they leave the wagons and live in warm houses they are Gypsies, they know these things.

From her thick hair she slowly unraveled the blue and white ribbons and knotted them to a protruding bone of the house. It was not much to give a mother, but it was the custom. Now she would go back to the ways of her people, to the wild ways.

She turned towards the mountains, the wind in her wild hair. But something cried out to her from the broken walls, something screeched harsh and black as Death into her very marrow.

She spun about.

Though it was night, she could see the bird there, great and black as a vulture, gnawing at the knotted ribbons.

She screamed, but could not move. The Bird stared at her with black, black eyes. There was nothing but the wind. No sound, no movement, only the wild wind.

Suddenly the great crow screeched again, and with satanic grace swooped above her and lit on her trembling shoulder.

Something moved inside her rigid body, turned and died like a child in the womb, before the Evil Eye.

She waited. The wind rattled Death in the old pines.

Slowly this great crow rubbed his head against her throat. It was soft, soft and black as the sleep of death. He was--gentle. He spoke to her with his deep eyes; there was peace, there was something in those black eyes, deep as Black Pool, deep as Death.

Marialoysha was not afraid.

She remembered what she was to do. The bird did not stir from her shoulder as she climbed to the high Cave. She knew he would never leave now; there was something shared, some spell cast on her by the black black bird. That was it. She was spell-bound by his eyes, the great soft eyes of death.

She did not make a fire, but lay the night watching the moon and pines struggle on the Cave wall, watching the crow watch her.

* * * * *

So it was then, so it is now. She doesn't know how long she has lived in the Cave, how many times she and the bird have gone hungry in the snow and feasted on berries and wild rabbit in the summer. She can't remember when she first called the crow Kra--it was his own word, really. Sometime. It doesn't matter. Sometime in the long slow days or years she had ceased being a child and become a woman, a wildly beautiful woman mirrored by Black Pool.

Looking away from the Valley, she watches Kra hopping among the broken stones of the house by Black Pool.

She thinks: I must be as tall as my mother--was. My hair is long. She braided hers as house-women do, tight across the top of her head. My hair is free and wild--I am not bound by the walls of a house.

Kra screeches.

She thinks: I am free here. Kra and I could leave the Cave and find another or sleep under the old tree. They don't frighten me with their moans. They did. Kra did. But all is blackness anyhow. There is nothing to fear. Because there is nothing.

Kra flies toward the dying sun and back, circling, circling.

She thinks: I am as free as Kra, attached to nothing. I have nothing. I love nothing. Free. But what is it that holds me here?

She watches the soaring bird with a silent mind.

It is his eyes. Black as Death, since that first night. I am not free. I am--dead.

She shivers. Perhaps from the thought, perhaps from the black pine shadows creeping toward her. Perhaps from the eyes, the deep--

A shot. Then silence.

Silence as the great crow flutters into the sun, no longer great, a shattered mass of feathers and broken body. He closes the final circle and falls beside Marialoysha. She stares at the lifeless Kra, stares at the dull eyes, the shallow bird-eyes. Nothing, nothing.

She screams. It is black, the sun is black in the white sky. She is falling, but someone holds her.

Someone holds her. He is --gentle.

Now she is sitting on a pile of rock--the house. She knows that. It is dark now, the good night. There are stars, millions of friendly stars. There is a fire made where the hearth was.

Someone moves between her and the fire, but she is not afraid. She wonders at her happiness. The heart, the life, stirs in her, the life that died when she first saw the bird.

But--was it all a dream, a nightmare? The house, has it fallen tonight or was it years ago? But no, I was a child, my hair--

The shadowy figure says: you are still not Yourself. You should't be sitting up. Lie down again on the pine needles. You--

Where is Kra?

The Crow? I am sorry. I--shot it. I thought it some vulture, or some evil bird. The sun blinded me. I am sorry. I did not know it was yours.

Kra--was not.

I thought by the way you--I'm sorry, you must be ill. The shock.

I fell?

You fainted only; I caught you before you could hit the rocks.

You are kind and gentle and--

(He laughs in his birght eyes) And I am called Sef. And what is your name, little Gypsy?

I am Marialoysha. How do you know I am a Gypsy?

Because I am; you know the saying among our people: Gypsies know. So (again he laughs in those dancing eyes) I know!

You live in the Valley? In a house, warm and with lace curtains?

Yes, yes. But I live alone, so the curtains have holes in them, and the fire goes out if I neglect it. So it is not always warm, and there are hardly any lace curtains left at all!

I used to mend our curtains. And I kept the fire. I keep a good fire--Sef.

Well, now you must rest.

No, no.

Yes, yes. (He laughs, it is music)

He turns toward the fire again. Marialoysha slowly runs her fingers through her wild hair and thinks. The night breathes like something alive. She braids her hair tightly, in the manner of a woman, a house-woman.

Sef of the Valley, I will go down with you now.

To the Valley? But you are not--

I am free to go. I am alive. What more do I need?

Nothing, my little Gypsy. Nothing.

(The pines sing in the silence.)

I could love you, Sef of the Valley. I could live in a house, and mend curtains, and watch the fire, and we could have a canary, and children, and, and--

Yes, yes, Marialoysha. But now we must go down the mountain and you must rest. Here take my hand. I will lead you down.

Marialoysha looks at Sef, at his laughing eyes. She smiles, and the night is white with stars. As the two pass, they do not notice the dull-eyed corpse of the crow. Sef looks at the stars, Marialoysha watches the stars in his eyes.

And his eyes are blue. Bluer than the sky, the singing sky of stars.

The Stag at Eve

Betsy Fleming '61

The stag at Eve had drunk his fill,
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade. . .
Scott's "Lady of the Lake"

(with apologies to the poets and authors quoted and misquoted in this paper.)

"Where were you, Terpsichore, when that remorseless typewriter fell on my innocent foot?" I wailed. I sat staring at my biggest toe which had ballooned to enormous proportions and which was now swathed in a mass of gauze and tape. It hurt. I could not walk on it. I definitely could not dance upon it; therefore I would miss the year's first stag that night--and life was woeful.

But Terpsichore had not deserted me completely. She whispered, "Even if you cannot dance lightly this night, at least you can watch the others and share in the joys of the evening somewhat..."

And that is what I did--from a chair in a dark corner of the college social hall. I want to share my observations with you also, that you may better understand the stag dance and the multiform "stags" who make it an institution at any woman's college...

I

"On with the Dance;
let joy be unconfined--"
"Barkis is willin'"

The fellows came in first--stumbling, sauntering, stomping, sliding through the forbidding doors. Gangling and smooth, tanned and pimply, oily and brushtopped, they assumed their positions in huddle formation. It was easy to determine what colleges they represented--almost immediately I saw a group from I.L.U., who as usual appeared as "cocksure as Micawber." As members of the only exclusively men's college in the area, they were well aware of their distinctive attraction at this sister school. "We have been here before; this is one of ours," their confident faces told us. Most of them had not even bothered to change from their wrinkled school attire--after all, they already knew these convent girls...

The boys from S.C.U. were not as assured, but were not unduly worried either. They realized that as students at a private school (even though S.C.U. is an extremely large one), they shared a common bond with us: they were not on unfamiliar ground.

Four fellows from C.U.L.A., a huge state university, looked apprehensive as they glanced fearfully around the room. Two were examining the walls, floors, and ceiling. They probably had, I im-

agined, taken a course in the Gothic novel, and were searching for trap-doors which might spring open at any moment and swallow them down into hidden caverns. The other two appeared to be listening to every sound in the noisy hall: I was sure they thought the clarinet player's warm-up A was the screech of a postulant who had been walled in somewhere for breaking her vows! They knew their "Marmion. . ."

Yet well the luckless wretch might shriek,
Well might her paleness terror speak!
For there were seen in that dark wall,
Two niches, narrow, deep, and tall:
Who enters at such grisly door,
Shall ne'er, I ween, find exit more

Members of a small delegation from L.A.J.C., a relatively unimportant two-year college, were glowering at everyone defiantly and defensively. Entrenched in their corner, they looked as if they had just dined upon the grapes of wrath.

But as females began to trip through the portals, changes began to occur in all these gentlemen--many now showed signs of pleasure--a few had a gleam in their eyes which would best be described as speculative. As the girls took their places along the crepe paper-bedecked walls, the tallest, broadest men swaggered forward and many fraternity pins gleamed alluringly upon sweatered chests. They had assumed a unanimous expression--bored superiority.

A group that did not possess chest, height, or shiny pin, but appeared rather wholesome and nice, edged forward too--expression interested. Those in the corner remained in the corner.

Scene set. Curtain lifting: Chico Corvallis and his Magic Five began the savage beat, and "straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps, above the pitch, out of time, and off the hinges," rent the tension-choked atmosphere...

The Frat Man

"Veni, vidi. . ."

I noticed Julius the moment he strutted into the room. He was a commanding figure; the tall, well-packed football type--and as a bonus, his set of shiny white teeth intact. He was clad in the most expensive raiment--a magnificent red sports jacket displayed his hulking shoulders, and the gold pin was king-sized. Truly he was a man among men--I could tell that this was his opinion also, as he stood beside my chair disdainfully surveying my friends. As one of his cohorts approached him, I eavesdropped unashamedly:

"Aw come on, for a Catholic Girl's School, it isn't so bad!"

Julius did not agree. "Yeah? Cokes and cookies and goody-goody girls? Whaddya' mean?"

"Aw come on, they've got some real dolls. Look at that blonde!"

"Oh shut up."

"Well I'm going to dance with her. See you later, chum."

Julius sulked for a while and then began to scrutinize the girls again. At last he picked out Lucy, the prettiest, best-curved of all. She was a sophisticated transfer student from Bryn Mawr--I wondered how she would react to him.

"Wanna' dance, doll?"

She assented.

"The name?"

"Lucy Hayes."

"J. Drake. Pi Theta. State."

Lucy said nothing.

"Your friends ever tell you about the Thetas?"

"I don't think so, she lied.

"Only all-time. Champion intra-mural football; second in track; basketball trophy; third, swimming; first, spring sing... student body officers..mile runner...cheerleaders...campus king..."

"Mmm, how nice." (When Julius speaks let no dog bark!)

Julius, I noticed, looked a little disappointed at Lucy's lack of awe. I could see him plotting a new course of action:

"You really are an all-time girl. When I walked through that door, I said to myself, here's a girl you'll have to give a real whirl!"

"Thank you very much."

"Uh...this is an all-time party too--strictly all-time!"

"...Thanks."

"How come er an uh all-time girl like you came here to a girl's school like this?"

"I came to this woman's college because it has one of the finest English departments in the state.

Julius could tell that he had made an error and that both of his infallible methods of attack had failed. It was a shock! "It must really be an all-time school," he muttered.

Lucy did not even answer. They danced in silence, until the trumpets at last screamed to a shivering stop.

"Well thanks, uh uh Lucy. I'll see you later."

"Thank you." She hurried to the powder room, trying not to laugh, and Julius strode to the sidelines. He was not a good loser; he grabbed his friend ferociously by both lapels. "I could kill you, Frank," he hissed. He meant it. "If you ever bring me to another of these damned...convents, so help me, I will..."

And Julius dragged his unhappy victim out into the night where there was weeping and gnashing of handsome white teeth.

The Freshman

"His eyes are hollows of 'fear,'
his hair like moldy hay. . ."

I saw disaster as he approached Estella. In the first place he possessed no physical attributes; in the second, he continually brushed back handfuls of hair that kept falling into his eyes. He managed somehow to blurt an invitation to her...

"M-m-may I have this one?'

She shrugged and nodded.

He clutched her hand in his large and probably sweaty one, and pulled her over to the closest vacant spot on the crowded dance floor. "I'm Phillip Jones--uh call me Pip." He watched carefully for her reaction.

She stared over his shoulder. "Hmm? Oh. Estella Lane."

"That's a very pretty name--" he felt her foot under his. "Oh pardon me!"

"Hmm? Oh that's all right." She frowned.

"I'm really, really sorry. Uh, what's your major?"

"My major? Oh my major. Home ec."

"That's a good major for girls especially----" He looked wretched.

She didn't notice.

"This school is really, really beautiful. You must really like it."

She stared over his shoulder again, at that tall, blue-sweatered boy. "Oh. Oh yes."

"Where did you go to high school?"

"High School? Oh. Saint Mark's."

"I guess a lot of girls come here from Saint Mark's."

She half-covered a yawn. "I guess."

"Oh uh I almost forgot--what year are you?"

"What?" She looked at him for the first time. "Senior," she said.

"Oh," he said.

The conversation ended.

The Graduate

Sir Andrew Aguecheek thinks he "Can cut a caper, dance the coranto, walk a jig like a young man!"

I remembered that Aguecheek was a silly old fop with three thousand ducats a year. This fellow, however, certainly lacked the ducats! As he approached my chair, I thought of some words from the Ancient Mariner; he's coming toward me, I don't want him to "hold me with his skinny hand or glittering eye."

Actually he wasn't as ancient as all that. He was older than the other boys though, and looked out of place. I had felt rather sorry for him as he stood on the sidelines most of the evening--but my charitable mood did not remain."

"Ah, hem, uh, what is the matter with your foot?" He stared at the gauze blob.

I explained--and was convinced that he did not hear a word of my explanation, and did not care to listen to it.

"A pity," he said. "Miserable party, isn't it?"

I smiled politely.

"Oh the frivolities of youth," he continued. "What are you majoring in, my dear?"

"Sociology," I told him.

"Hmm. Philosophy man myself. Only decent course. But then there is no need at all for a woman to major in anything." He cleared his throat pompously. "Damn waste of time."

I said nothing, and admired my self-control.

"Damn waste," he said again. I was just talking to your philosophy man up here..."

He was referring to our chaperone, Doctor Lester, who had a Ph.D. from Catholic University...

"Stupid chap," he observed.

I kept my silence.

"Refuses to recognize the importance of Kant," he muttered angrily. "Of course you can tell a bunch of women anything--these denominational schools are so narrow..."

"Oh, stay," he pleaded.

I was surprised at the intensity of his voice--he was lonely. However, I did not intend to alleviate his loneliness.

"The Laughing Boy"

"The Fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool."

When I saw him, he was climbing over the porch railing. He presented a unique appearance, not so much because of his upside-down position, but because he was dressed very much as I imagined a sixteenth-century Tom o'Bedlam would be attired.

As he landed on his feet balancing himself groggily, I gazed at him more carefully. He wore a tattered black academic gown and a warped mortar board from which a bright orange tassel dangled; a hideous red and green and purple tie hung down his front. I remembered that Tom o' Bedlams, for all their seeming madness, were known for great wit in cheating unsuspecting souls (they levied charity on the plea of insanity). I wondered about this one. Soon I saw my fears were grounded.

The money taker, a prim little English girl, who guarded the entrance at the other end of the porch had also seen his acrobatic manipulation. She bounded over to him.

"I say, excuse me but..."

He jerked around to look at her, and for a second I saw a cunning gleam in his spectacle-rimmed eyes.

"Thash perfic'lu awrigh' muh dear,' he thundered.

The girl looked slightly abashed.

"Yesh, thash perfic'ly awrigh'!" His voice must have carried to every corner of the hall.

The money taker looked frightened now, but she had a duty to perform. 'Excuse me," she said again, "but I was wondering if you..."

"Yesshir," he bellowed. "Sh' not evr' day a youn' gennleman gesh apologished to twishe by a sharmin' youn' la'y."

He swayed dangerously, and leered at her. People were beginning to flock outside to see what was going on.

She was becoming more distressed. "I-I was wondering how you, how you, got in, and if, if you..."

"How' I gesh in? Fur 'n e'jucated youn' la'y, you don' know too mush! How' -I gesh in? Whaddya' thin' of a gueshion like that?" he asked the crowd which was rapidly increasing in size. "I walk' in of coursh---did you thin' I flew? Thash what I call a ridicluss gueshion--ridicluss!"

People were tittering--and the money taker looked extremely uncomfortable and not at all determined. She whispered, "But where did you...

"Now thash the shecud ridicluss gueshion-- there's only one plashe--" he gestured toward the door which she had been so zealously watching--"you shure are stupid!" The audience guffawed.

She was defeated! She choked out one more "But" before she turned and ran.

"Now I truly wonder whash thash female wash sho upshet about," he said wonderingly as he tottered unsteadily into the crowded room --and he winked at me. I will never believe Tom o' Bedlams are extinct.

Ten minutes later I watched the philosophy teacher firmly escort him through the door he had supposedly entered.

Exeunt

When I came back inside they were playing "Stardust." Everything was almost over. Squinting my tired eyes, I observed that nearly everyone was dancing. I groped my way through the smoke-clogged gloom and sat down once more to watch. Most of the fellows danced slowly and unimaginatively, giving their partners a little whirl every so often, which, I guessed, was supposed to be intricate. I saw one lank giant who was marching stiff-legged like a rusty robot, back and forth, in and out--the girl was hanging on to his shoulders desperately, wearing a stunned expression. She well illustrated the proverb, "Everyone is not happy who dances."

Two or three were really dancers--I noticed many girls eyeing them covetously as they dipped, spun, glided and swooped. They

(continued on page 44)

must have listened to Chesterton's advice to young men.

"When you learn to dance, learn it well...that you will not be ridiculous, though it is a ridiculous act..."

Several had plainly not heeded his words. Perspiration gushed from their foreheads; their eyes were closed in agonized concentration as they counted, one - two - and - glide - two - three - one - two - and...

Suddenly "Stardust" was over and lights flashed on - - there was a tremendous stampede for the doors--I knew that I had better wait until there was some chance of not being crushed... and within two minutes the hall was empty.

I stood for a moment and gazed at empty bottles, balloon remnants, tattered streamers, and cigarette remains, then I limped out once more into the night.

The dance had ended. The stag had drunk his fill.

Reality vs. Math

To move

Or not to move,

That is my dilemma.

Should I change what I can't, or change

My math?

Martha Stoering '62

Rhymes in 1984

Peggy S. Beauclair '62

Woven into the intense and powerfully written novel 1984, by George Orwell, one discovers three rhymes which are seen to reveal the entire framework of this fascinating, though frightening work. Of the three, the one I consider of most significance here is the second, which begins: "Oranges and Lemons, say the bells of St. Clement's..." It supports the present action of the story from the early introduction of Mr. Charrington, an important character, until its last mention at the climax.

It is interesting to note that with the addition of each line of the rhyme, we also have an addition to the story. Moreover, each person involved in such an addition is contributing in much the same way to Winston's present and future, and on him the whole story depends. The story tells of the dehumanizing of man under the domination of an unhuman state.

Winston Smith, in his search for something of the past to verify what the Ministry of Truth claims as history, returns to an antique shop which he had visited once before. He is taken to a room above the shop by Mr. Charrington, the elderly owner, in order to inspect some pieces which may be of interest to him. This room is to become a symbol of freedom to Winston.

He is attracted to a picture hanging near the fireplace: a steel engraving in a rosewood frame of an old church, which has since been bombed. "St. Clement's Dane, its name was," contributes Mr. Charrington, and adds:

"Oranges and Lemons, say the bells of St. Clement's!" Then he goes on with the last line:

Here comes a candle to light you to bed.
Here comes a chopper to chop off your head! (p. 83)

"That was a rhyme we had when I was a little boy," he adds. "It was a kind of dance. They held out their arms for you to pass under, and when they came to 'Here comes a chopper to chop off your head,' they brought their arms down and caught you!"

Here Mr. Charrington suddenly remembers the second line, and he proudly recites:

"Oranges and lemons, say the bells of St. Clement's,
You owe me three farthings, say the bells of St.
Martin's (p. 83).

He then pauses to impart to Winston the historical information he possesses about these churches.

If we look closely at this first introduction to the rhyme, we notice several things. The person who introduces it is Mr. Charington, an understanding friend, who is to rent Winston a secret room. The rhyme is heard in this hidden room over Mr. Charrington's shop. The occasion for mentioning the rhyme is a sight of the picture--a church, symbol of peace. Who, where, and how, are, therefore, important. We also note Mr. Charrington's offer to take the picture down: "The frame is fixed to the wall, but I could unscrew it for you." And finally, we see that this is not an ordinary jingle, but a nursery rhyme.

As we find later, all these things have significance in this novel, and especially the last line which tells of the "chopper to chop off your head.

In another scene, the second person to add a line is Julia. The passionate love affair which she and Winston share, forbidden by the party, has led them to rent the room above Mr. Charrington's shop. One day they sit gazing at the things about them. Julia, too, notices the picture of the church. She crosses the room to look at it.

"What is this place?" she asks. "I've seen it somewhere before."

"It's a church, or at least it used to be. St. Clement's Dane its name was," Winston answers. And then the fragment of the nursery rhyme Mr. Charrington taught him comes back into his head:

"Oranges and lemons, say the bells of St. Clement's!"

and to his astonishment Julia caps the line:

"You owe me three farthings," say the bells of St. Martin's,
When will you pay me? say the bells of Old Bailey...

"I can't remember how it goes after that," she continues, "but anyway I remember it ends up:

Here comes a candle to light you to bed,
Here comes a chopper to chop off your head!" (p. 121).

Julia had learned the rhyme as a little girl from her grandfather before he was killed by the state. She and Winston discuss the perfections possessed by the oranges and lemons they had seen as children and almost forgotten. Here again Winston is led into the past.

He feels as if he had "two halves of a countersign " and he determines to dig out the last line from Mr. Charrington's memory.

Julia remarks that the picture must have bugs behind it. "I'll take it down and give it a good cleaning some day," she says (p. 122).

And so here, in our second meeting with the rhyme, we see Julia adding a line--Julia who has added so much to Winston's life; Julia who will betray him. We see again that the place is the room

above Mr. Charrington's shop, and the picture used as an occasion leading up to the rhyme. Furthermore, Winston searches into the past as he wonders about the oranges and lemons, and Julia recites the all-important last line of the rhyme.

In the third appearance of this nursery rhyme, which should symbolize security with its churches and candles, we discover O'Brien. He holds an important post in the government's Inner Party, and he is a leader in the supposed underground movement that Winston and Julia wish to join. They are against "Big Brother," the symbol of the omnipotent state. This movement of rebellion, which they believe to exist, leads them to ask O'Brien for help.

He gives Winston and Julia instructions as future members of the organization: "I shall send you a copy of the book," he says. This is the book which purports to contain all information about the underground Brotherhood.

With their business settled, O'Brien offers to answer any questions Winston may have. Winston remembers the little room above Mr. Charrington's shop and the steel engraving with its rosewood frame.

"Did you ever happen to hear an old rhyme that begins "Oranges and lemons, say the bells of St. Clement's?"

O'Brien nods, and "with a sort of grave courtesy," he completes the stanza:

> Oranges and lemons, say the bells of St. Clement's
> You owe me three farthings, say the bells of St.
> Martin's.
> When will you pay me? say the bells of Old Bailey,
> When I grow rich, say the bells of Shoreditch! (p. 147)

Now we have O'Brien completing the rhyme: O'Brien who is leading him into a new life, who is passing as a friend, who in the end will also betray him. The place is different, but Winston remembers the room and the picture before he quotes the rhyme. Winston is still searching for the past. He is seeking a clue to it in the Brotherhood.

The last time we see this rhyme, Winston and Julia are again above Mr. Charrington's shop, in their little room. Winston has received the book O'Brien promised to send him, and many of his questions on history and the truth of their world are answered for him by the book.

Winston and Julia stand now gazing out of the window at an old woman of the proletariat class hanging her washing. Winston is convinced that if there is any future in the world it lies in these proles.

> You were the dead: theirs was the future. But you could share in that future if you kept alive the mind as they kept alive the body, and passed on the secret doctrine that two plus two make four.

He means that man's task is to hold fast to the thought that there is such a thing as objective truth. Then he goes on musing. "We are the dead," he thinks aloud.

"We are the dead," echoes Julia dutifully.

"You are the dead," says an iron voice behind them (p. 182).

The voice is speaking from behind the picture. It startles them both, ordering them to remain where they are. Then with a snap, "as though a catch had been turned back," there is a sound of breaking glass as the picture falls to the floor, revealing a telescreen behind it. The house is soon surrounded by the state police.

"I suppose we might as well say good-bye," Julia ventures.

"You might as well say good-bye," echoes the voice.

"And then another quite different voice, a thin, cultivated voice, which Winston had the impression of having heard before, struck in: 'And by the way, while we are on the subject,'

Here comes a candle to light you to bed,
Here comes a chopper to chop off your head! (p. 183).

A ladder crashes through the window, and Winston and Julia are captured. Even at this last moment, Winston considers Mr. Charrington a friend, wondering if he has got away. Now, Mr. Charrington walks in, and the men begin to obey his orders.

Winston notices the disappearance of the cockney accent, and suddenly realizes whose voice it was that he had heard a few moments ago on the telescreen. The color of Charrington's hair, too, has changed from white to black, and he is not wearing his glasses. He appears to be a man of about thirty-five.

"It occurred to Winston that for the first time he was looking, with knowledge, at a member of the Thought Police," the most terrible of the state's agents. Here we have the climax of the story.

In this last and climactic occurrence of the Rhyme we find only the last verse spoken--the one that both Julia and Mr. Charrington had remembered more than any others. We note also the implications of this line as the young couple are captured.

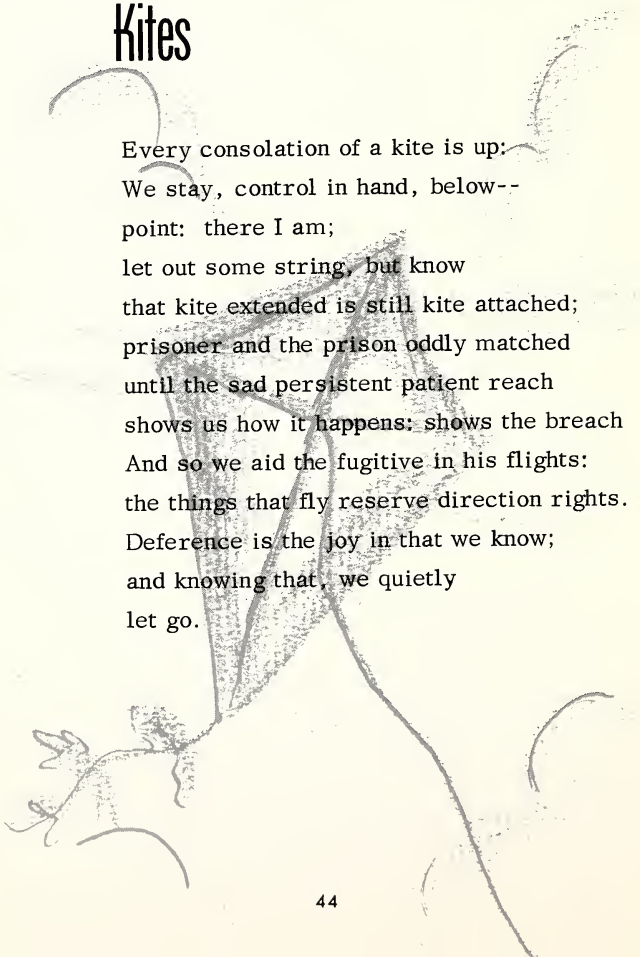
It is Mr. Charrington again who is quoting the line. The man who had first introduced it to Winston is now the last to do so. He is again playing the game he played as a child. He had held out his arms for Winston to pass under when he offered the security of the room above his shop, and when Winston did pass under, he brought his arms down and caught him, just as in the game.

We see especially how the picture of the church, a peaceful object, was used in the end as a harmful one. Mr. Charrington evidently did unscrew the picture from the wall, as he had offered to do in the first scene. He did it to put in the spying telescreen. This picture once again is being used as an instrument leading to the Rhyme, but in a much different sense now. We seem, moreover, to have had hints earlier about what could be behind the picture. There were indeed "bugs" as Julia had thought--"bugs" in its slang

meaning of devices for spying on people.

We note here, also, the important part each person who adds a line to the rhyme plays in Winston's life. Mr. Charrington, his friend, the first to introduce the rhyme, and the last to quote it, betrays him. Julia, who adds the first line to the rhyme, and the love in Winston's life, will betray him when in the hands of the Thought Police. O'Brien whom he regards as a friend and leader also betrays him. It is he who will torture Winston until the final surrender. This rhyme, therefore, is used throughout the novel to form a definite pattern. Its introduction accompanies the action in one scene after the other, and much of the meaning of the climax hinges on its repetition. This peaceful nursery rhyme is, I believe, one of the most important and interesting symbols in the book. And its ironically peaceful suggestions add much to the terror of 1984.

Kites



Every consolation of a kite is up:
We stay, control in hand, below--
point: there I am;
let out some string, but know
that kite extended is still kite attached;
prisoner and the prison oddly matched
until the sad persistent patient reach
shows us how it happens: shows the breach
And so we aid the fugitive in his flights:
the things that fly reserve direction rights.
Deference is the joy in that we know;
and knowing that, we quietly
let go.